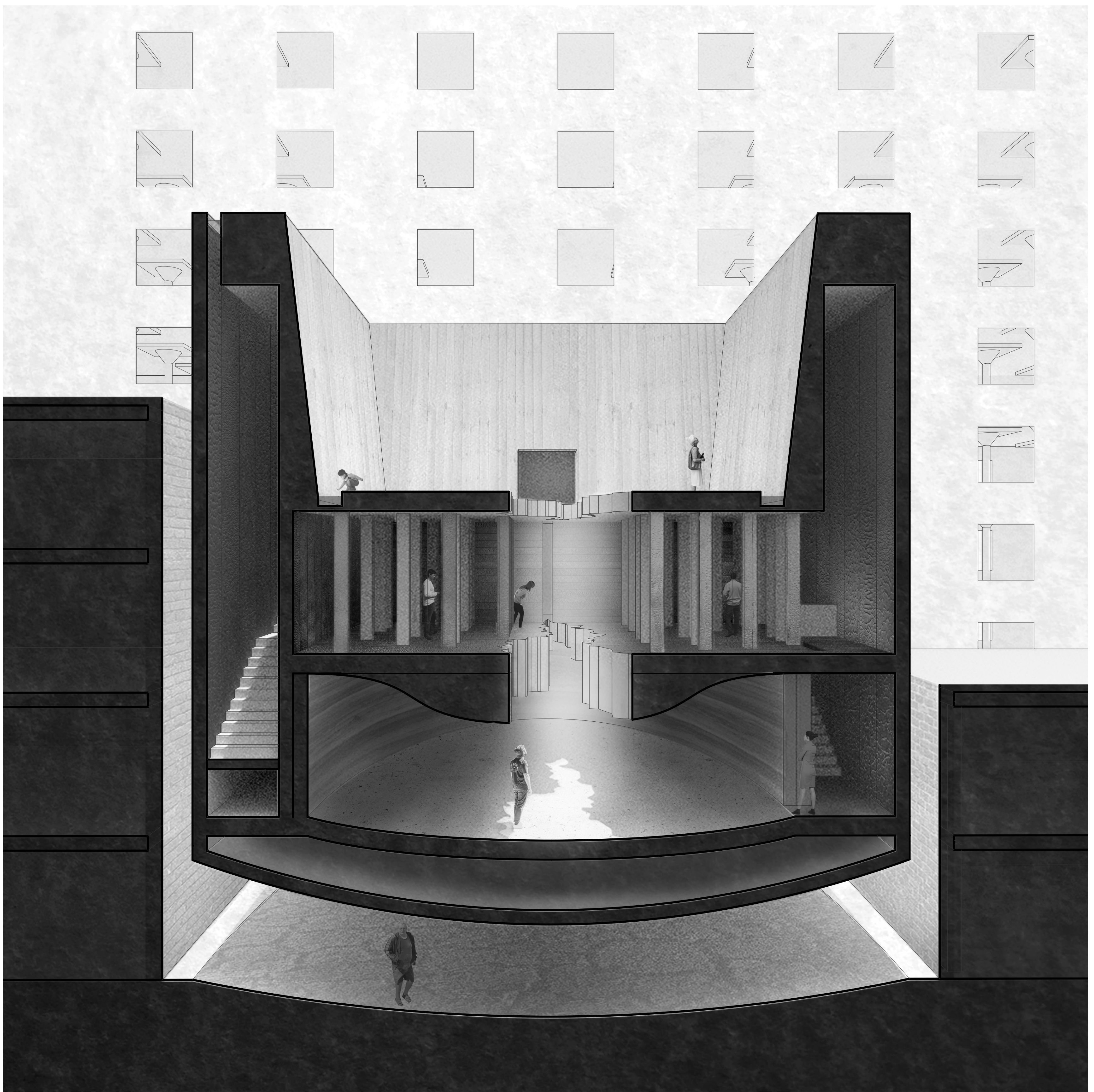
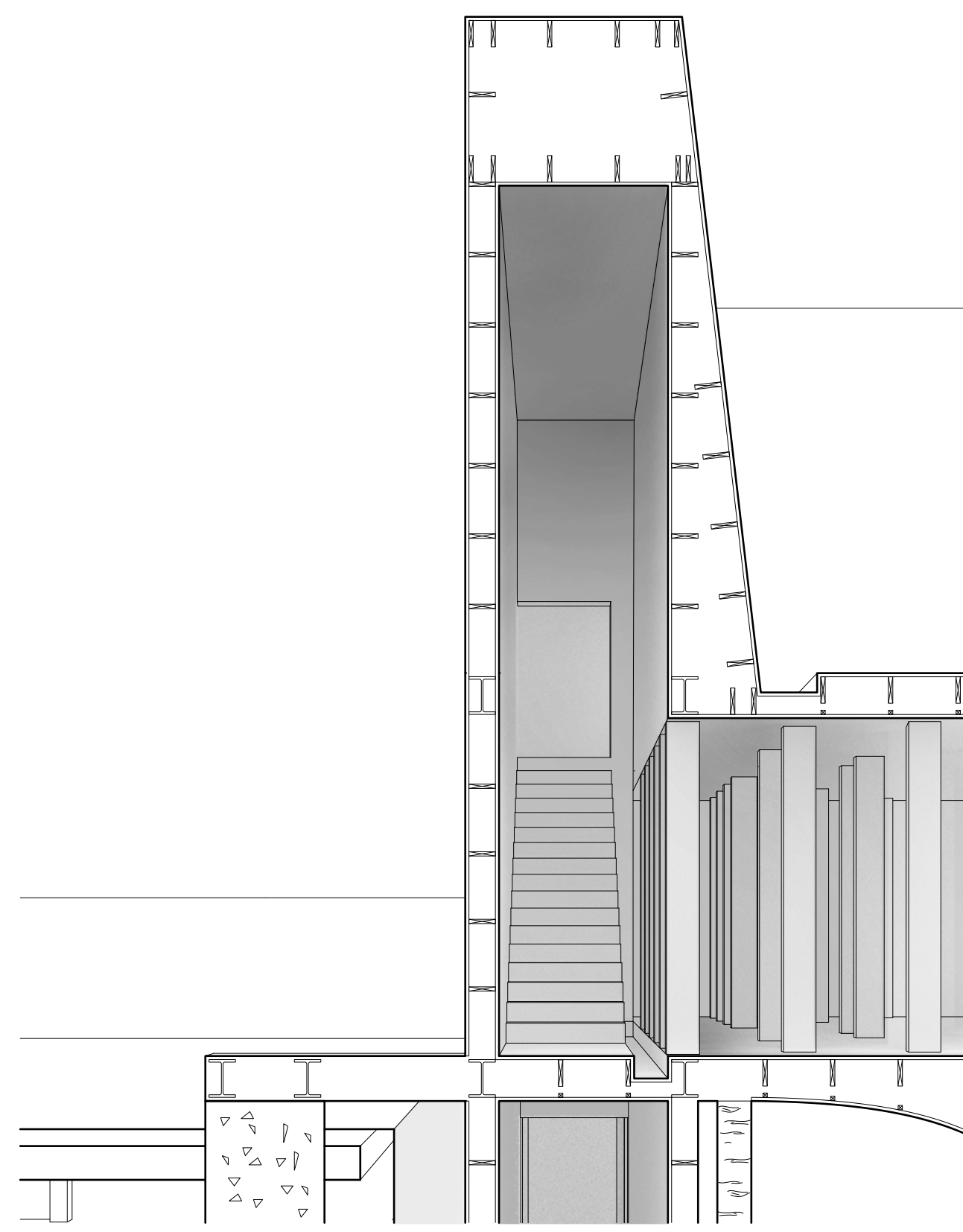
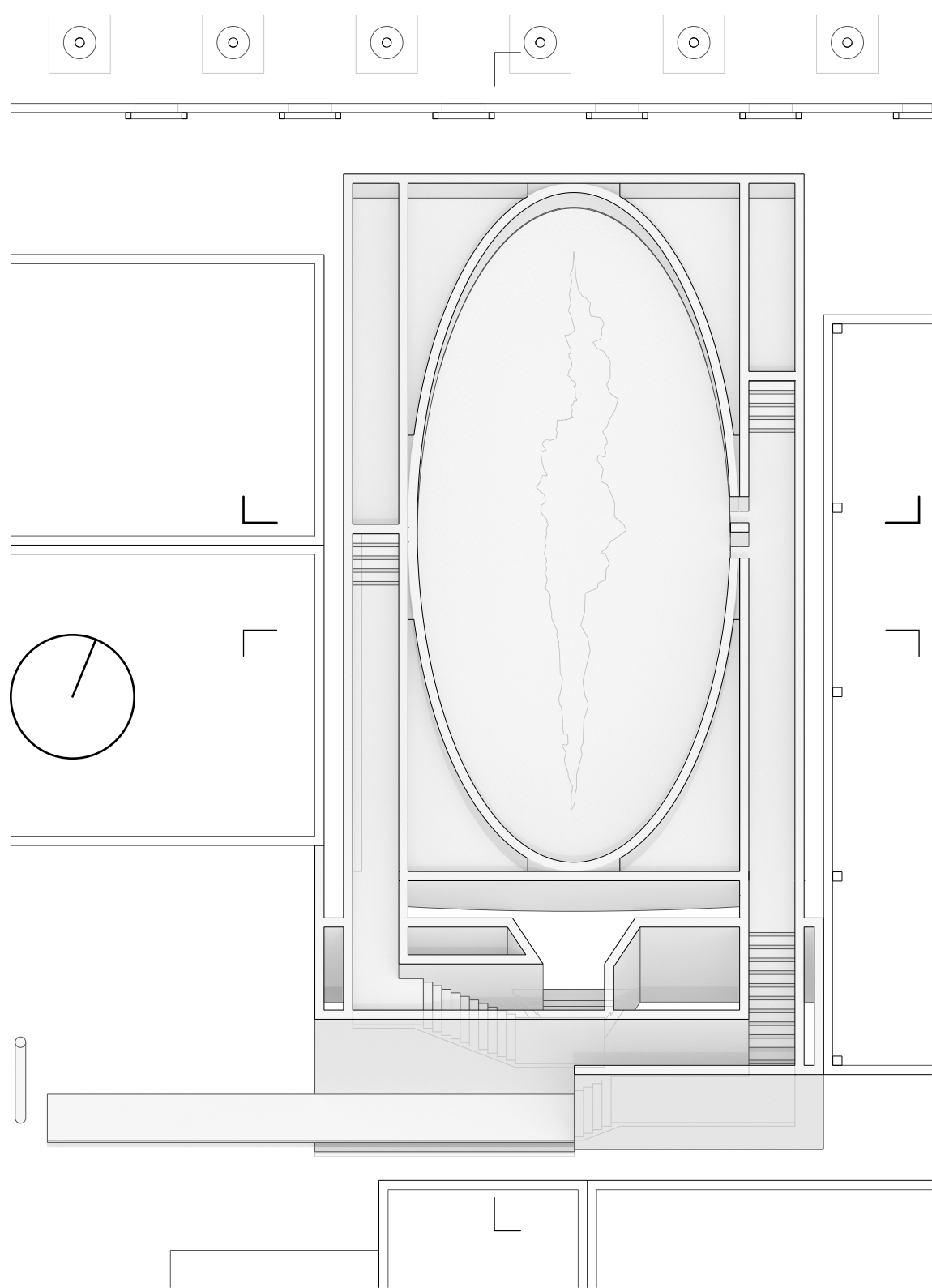
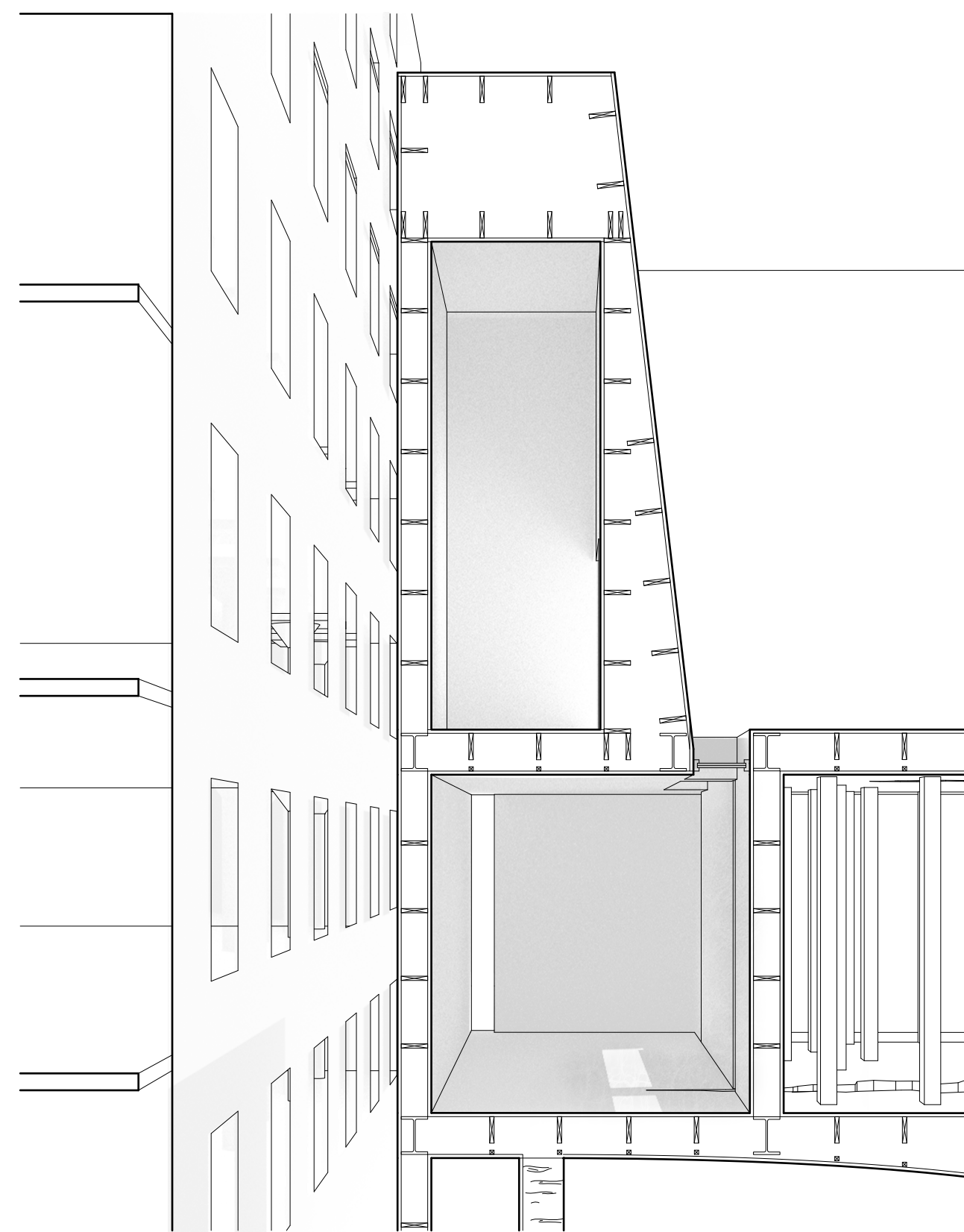
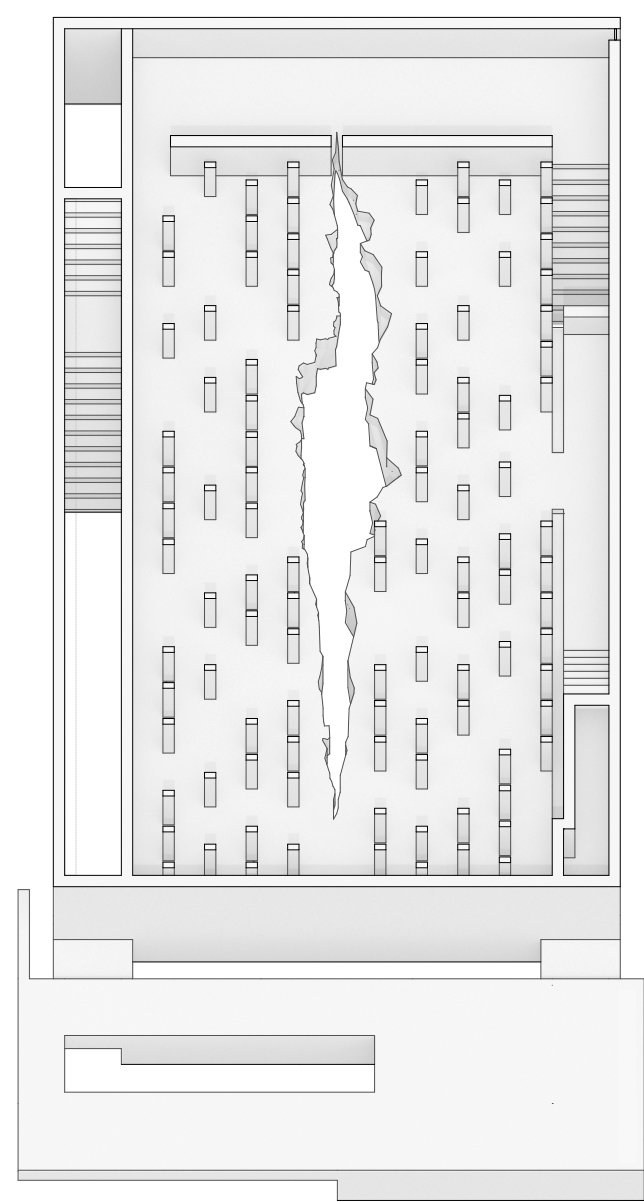
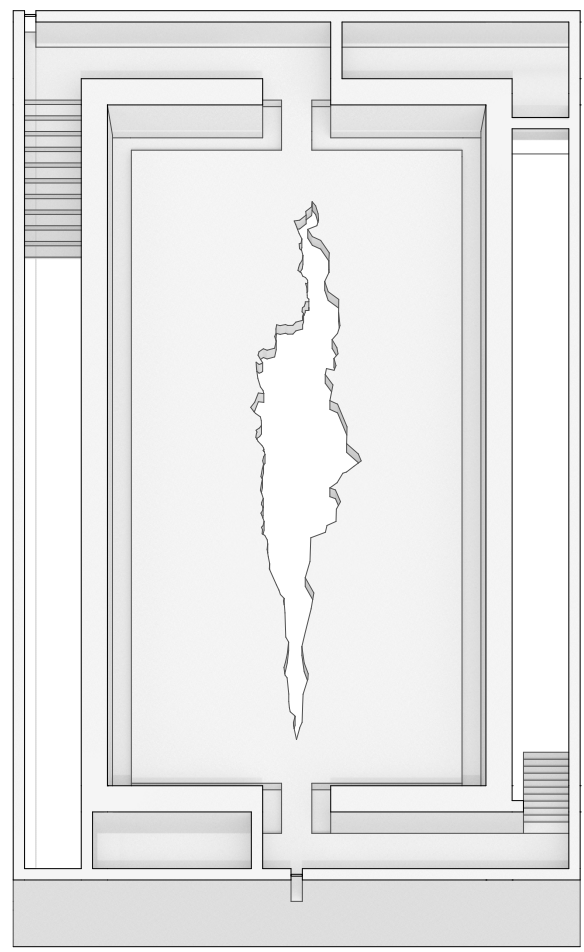
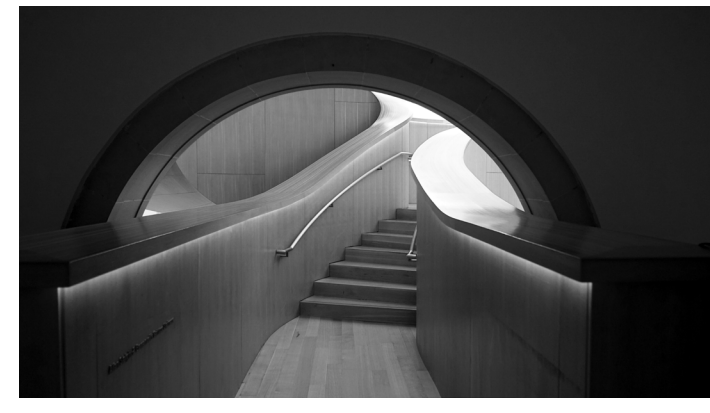
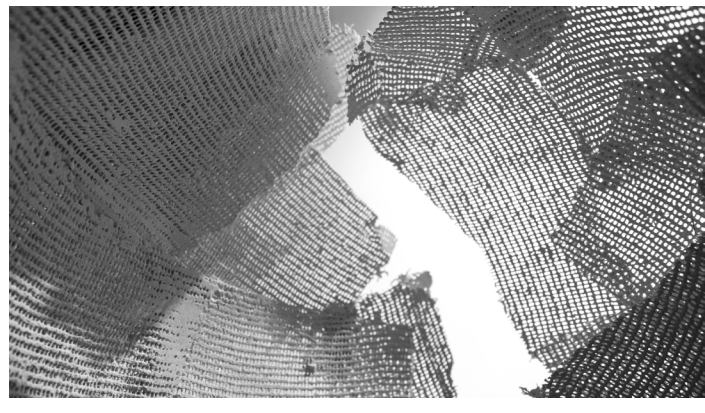


A MEMORIAL TO ENVIRONMENTAL VIOLENCE

The City of Today Tomorrow is alive. It swells, consumes, and builds towards a better future. It competes and reaches out to neighbouring cities. They combine to form an endless concrete sprawl. As quickly as it builds, the city falls into disrepair. In one of these pockets a memorial rises.

You stand as the perpetrator and the victim. It is not your fault that the city has built itself the way it has but your quietness is just as telling. Ethereal, it hangs above you, criticizing with its weight. Sunlight draws you further, but the distance between you two is apparent. Split violently down the middle, the monument yells as much as it pleads about an ongoing crisis. Reaching upwards it acknowledges the blinding vastness of the sky. Upon moving inside, the smell of ash hangs in the air. Meandering through the columns you run your finger against their charred exteriors. Descending through the floor plate, you linger along the wall before hesitantly stepping under the wound. The weight of the void is immense. Outside the sun shines warmly on a small maple sapling.





a sagging ceiling
immovable in its movement
space above weighs down

light squeezes towards me
time gathers and disperses
it beckons me further

opening up to above
so it extends boundlessly
a vast and empty yell

subdued by beauty
a space imagined and real
weightless and rooted

glimpsed once and then lost
a frame revealed in passing
forgotten in time

the light drives downward
it coalesces coldly in
pools around my feet

